

How To Train Your Dragon HS

by cxvxs

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Summary: This is just a preview to see if it's even good enough to continue. I don't know what I was thinking. But yeah, here it is.

How To Train Your Dragon HS

This is Berk. It's twelve days north of **_Hopeless_** and a few degrees south of **_Freezing to Death_** you useless spineless bulgesucker. It's located solidly on the **_Meridian of Misery_** you incompetent nincompoop. This is my village. In a word? Worthless. It's been here for several generations, much longer than my short existence of six sweeps can even begin to comprehend. At least it's much better than that waste of space that is that other viking village, filled with spineless hopeless idiotic humans. They can never do anything right.

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><p>So begins the wonderful story of the viking!troll child, Karkat, as he describes his life.

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><p>The only problem with this stupid fucking place are these damn, incorrigible pest. You have no idea how much rage these retarded blistering sacks of flesh and fire these flamebeasts called "dragons" give me. I hate "dragons" with the fiery passion of a thousand suns and would gladly cull one if given the rite of passage test that is given to every young viking, troll or otherwise, once they have reached the appropriate age. Until then, I have to have the stupid, mindnumbing duty of pretending to give a flying fuck about these nooksniffers as they come crying to me about their pathetically incompetent weapons that they can't take proper care of and don't even know how to use because they are such wastes of the stupid life that was given to them. All this blood thirsty rage is meanwhile

piling up in me as I try to contain it because I'm not supposed to go out and kill the retarded flapping wastes of blithering fools that flamebeasts are I'm supposed to make the weapons and sharpen them and pretend not to care that everyone is fucking doing it wrong that they can't properly kill a flamebeast and that if I showed them they would get on their knees before me bowing and scraping and trying to please me because I'm obviously superior and clearly know the correct way to kill a flamebeast but no I'm not supposed to yet because they put me in the same category as all those schlubs from retardation row. So here's your useless piece of shitty metal you call a sword and this waste of wood you call a shield see how much good those meaningless tools do you on the battlefield while I polish my death sickles and wait for your courteous attention to return to me oh wait no I won't because I don't give a damn about your attention so screw you nooklicker.<p>

End
file.